

AN
ODE
TO THE
QUEEN,
ON THE
DEATH
Of His ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE,
Hereditary Prince of *Denmark*, &c.
Generalissimo of Her *MAJESTY*'s
Forces, both Sea and Land; Lord
High Admiral of *Great-Britain*, &c.



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A N

O D E

*On the Death of his Royal Highness,
GEORGE, Hereditary Prince
of Denmark, &c.*

HArmonious Maid, whose tuneful Ear
Guides ev'ry sad complaining Lyre,
Our Vows Divine Enchantress hear,
Numbers of healing Pow'r inspire!
If not in vain we seek Thy Art
To lay the raging Storms of Grief,
Now the Mysterious Charm impart,
Assist us, Oh! Speed Thy Relief.
The Royal Fair
Asks all Thy Care,
O may Thy Song her gloomy Thoughts deceive!

Great GEORGE for Peaceful Arts renown'd
Bear on thy Wings to Choirs above,
With each illustrious Virtue Crown'd,
And more illustrious ANNA's Love!
To dress his Herse, Ye Sacred Nine,
Your various Art of Numbers joyn!
Flow'rs, never-failing Flow'rs adorn
With new-born Bloom his Venerable Urn!
His Obsequies, Blest Shade!
Be paying ever, never paid!
Nor let us cease to praise him, nor to mourn!

High in himself, despising State,
Ambition sue'd him still in vain,
He sought in Crowded Courts, Retreat,
Lost in the Wonders, ANNA, of thy Reign!

To

To real Grandeur yet aspir'd,
 Affecting Majesty unseen,
 With Love of Vertue's Beauty fir'd,
 Eager on This
 He woo'd it as his highest Blifs,
 Next Thine his Comfort and his QUEEN!

He for Thy Sake the Lawrels wore,
 Thou on his peaceful Temples plac'd,
 Submissively Thy Honours grac'd,
 Confessing thus Thy greater Pow'r.
 He half in all thy grand Affairs,
 Doubled Thy Joys, and shar'd Thy Cares;
 Fresh Victories at his Commands,
 Flew o're the Seas, and hostile Lands,
 Himself in Peace,
 With Careful Ease,
 The Storms directed of both dreadful Wars!

In this th' Almighty's Steps pursued,
 Whose Furies are by Angels driv'n,
 While far from Noise, or Rage, or Blood,
 Unclouded Majesty fills Heav'n.
 Thy Hero thus with easy Pain
 Plac'd at the Helm,
 And blest'd with one continued Calm,
 Thy Navies steering o're the Main,
 At once could Peace and War maintain.

Since Fate has snatch'd him from thy Side,
 Nor more the Pilots Star appears!
 Who now in Storms Thy Ship can guide?
 Or who controul Thy mighty Fears?
 When the bright * Golden Branch dropp'd down,
 Great was the Fall, yet Hope surviv'd,
 The Mournful Fall might be retriev'd,
 New Branches rising from our Genial Sun:
 Now sunk in dark Despair we lie;
 If not Thy Mighty Mind,
 Labours with some vast Design,
 No more shall Dawn of Hope salute our Sky!

* D. of G.

Yet

Yet, Monarch, spare an useless Grief,
 That Grief might well be spar'd as vain,
 Which to thy Wound brings no Relief,
 But thro' thy Realms diffuses Pain.
 Cou'd Cries relentless Fates incline,
 Incessant Cries should weary Heav'n,
 Thy Nations in one Voice should joyn,
 Till back the mighty Pledge was giv'n:
 But oh! nor Cries, nor softest Sound,
 Sounds softer than the *Orphean* Lyre,
 Which drew the list'ning Trees around,
 And Brutes with Reason cou'd inspire,
 Can move the fullen Dead!
 Not all their Rhetorick persuade
 The Soul it's Comfort to rejoyn,
 That they shou'd both in one, once more be Thine!

What Sov'raign Solace shall we find,
 What to support Thy Pondrous Care?
 Heav'n can alone console Thy Mind;
 Since all our Songs are empty Wind,
 Too deadly deep the Wound
 To be refresh'd by Sound,
 Think thou for ever shalt possess Him there!
 There the Bright Saint well-pleas'd admires,
 Each Object of the Blissful Place,
 Bright Naked Truth, transporting Choirs,
 Immortal Youth, Love, Glory, Peace!

Clouds, and swift Orbs rowl deep below,
 New Suns their trembling Fires display,
 But brightest Beams with which they glow,
 Look dark to his Coelestial Day!
 All Heav'n opening to his View,
 Scenes his wondring Eyes pursue,
 Of Pleasures lasting ever new!
 Ravish'd with Joy,
 Nought here below
 Can his astonish'd Thoughts employ,
 Nothing, Dread QUEEN, on Earth, but Thou!

(6)

Thy Virgin Love, Thy Matron Care,
Thy Vertues all, Transcendent Fair,
With his Diviner Joys may joyn,
If not encrease, themselves Divine !
Cou'd ought be wanting to his Blifs,
Thy Joyous Prefence he'd implore,
Thee, to compleat his Happinefs,
Wou'd beg of the Almighty Pow'r.
Oh ! let Thy Dearer Part suffice !
Forfaking ours, to gild Æthereal Skies.
Dearest to Thine,
This left behind,
Light to their World and Life supplies.

His Glorious Race the Sun
Having thro' our Horizon run,
To other Worlds his Beams displays ;
Thou, Regent Orb, supply his Rays
With thy mild influencing Light ;
Bright Orb Thy Silver Majesty put on,
Repair the Absence of the Sun
And chase the Terrors of the threatning Night !

F I N I S.